THE WAY WE DID IT.

BY WILLIAM HAUGHTON.

We made our home as bright and fair
As willing hands could make it,
It laughed with sunshine everywhere,
And many a cozy nook was there
When Maggie came to take it;
Just such a spot where love might dwell,
And loyal hearts protect it well.

But, oh! the sunlight and the song,
The heaven of joy that thrilled it;
The love that made its life so strong,
And shed sweet music all day long,
Was one dear life that filled it;
Sweet angel by the hearth was she,
Who gave her girlhood love to me.

The shadows fall, as fall they must;
The tempest raved around us;—
Full many a hope lay in the dust,
And yet our faith looked up in trust
To Him whose blessing found us—
We shut the door in sorrow's face
And kept for love the inner place.

We called our troubles kinder names,
And put them in love's keeping—
We heard, but laughed at pleasure's claims,
At fortune, worst of fickle dames,
And kissed away our weeping—
We took life's burdens, heart to heart,
Each seeking most the heavier part.

Some day the Master's voice will call,
And one of us must hear it—
Pale death and darkness, shroud and pall,
May come, but will not end it all—
We wait, but do not fear it,
For parted hands again will press,
The hands they love, in blessedness.

Viroqua, Wis.

THE TRAIN-WRECKERS.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES MONTFORD.

"During the winter of 1861-2 a continual warfare was kept up in Missouri with the guerrilla bands.

"They are the most terrible pests of a country, even when anxious to defend it, and the ordinary guerrilla is a friend to no one but himself.

"I was often out upon the chase, and several fierce skirmishes took place. A band of guerrillas had taken possession of the Missouri Railroad, and burned the bridges, tore up the rails, and brought about a desolation that half a dozen battles would not have caused.

"I met with an adventure at this time which evidences the bloody and ruthless character of these outlaws.

"I think it was about the last of December that I started from the command for a small station some twenty miles distant.

"I had business with a gentleman in the village, and rode across the country, intending to leave my horse—I owned a good one at the time—with my acquaintance, and return with the supply train, which was expected at that time.

"The day was as bad a one as I could have well chosen; the bleak air swept over prairies, chilling horse and man to the very bone.

"I should have waited for a fairer day; but the train was expected up in the morning, I was anxious to go, and had already been delayed several days.

"So I started early, and rode along cheerfully enough for the first five miles, when a genuine Western storm arose, and began to rage with the fury that is only witnessed in those treeless districts.

"I was soon soaked through to the skin, the rain beat upon my face fiercely, and I wished myself back at camp, or anywhere else out of the storm.

"I believe we were five hours traveling the succeeding five miles, and at the end of that time I was nearly frozen.

"The fear of losing my way added still more to my distress, for there were no fences or other landmarks, and the ground was being fast covered by the beating snow, which succeeded the rain.

"My clothing was frozen stiff, and the neck and breast of my horse was covered with sheets of frozen breath and blood which had oozed from his swollen nostrils.

"I must find shelter, I thought, or perish in the most horrible manner.

"Suddenly I noticed smoke arising in the distance. No house was visible, and it has seemed remarkable to me that I observed the smoke; a fortunate chance was the cause, perhaps.

"No house was to be seen, the place was in the hollow of the prairie, and I rode within twenty rods of the door ere I saw the way.

"Getting off the horse with difficulty, my limbs had become stiffened with cold, I was about to approach the house, when it occurred to me that it would be as well to reconnoiter a little.

"A band of outlaws might be harboring there, and then I would wish myself outside again, cold as it was.

"Speaking kindly to the horse, who stretched his nose against me for warmth, I fastened the bridle to a shrub and stole cautiously toward the house.

"Making a circuit, I approached from the back of the building. It was a poor affair, the habitation of a prairie farmer, evidently; but there was shelter for man and beast.

"As I came up the door at the side opened. I had but time to escape around the corner when three men issued out.

"They were rough looking fellows, warmly clad, and I at once concluded to give them a wide berth.

"With some imprecations at the weather, they hurried to the stable, which fronted the road.

"When they reappeared it was upon fleet-looking horses, and they then rode away toward the north.

"I watched them out of sight, and then approached the cabin again. Listening, I could hear no one, and conceived that the place was untenanted.

"I resolved to take advantage of the shelter, and hastening back to my poor horse I soon left him munching hay in the little stable, and myself hurried on to the house.

"I was nearly ready to drop with fatigue and cold, and, waiting for no ceremony, I opened the door and entered.

A fire was burning on one side of the poorly furnished apartment, and hurrying forward I spread out my person to the blaze.

"I had seen no one as yet, but a voice sounded from a back room a moment later.

"'Is that you, Carl?" asked a woman's voice.

"I explained that I was a traveler, nearly frozen, and had taken the liberty to enter the house, as I saw no one about.

"A tall, wrinkled old woman, with a very erect carriage, came in from the kitchen.

"She looked at me searchingly, as I made my excuses, and I thought a sad expression appeared upon her face. What could it mean, or was I mistaken?

"I decided that the latter was the case, and lying back in the hard chair, I enjoyed the fire as a man only can when he has been chilled through to the bone.

"My dozing was broken by the sound of voices outside; men were approaching the house. The old woman seemed to shrink with fear as she heard the sound.

"Rising to my feet, expecting some disaster, I placed my hand upon my pistol and waited.

"The door opened, and twenty men, I counted them as they came in singly, filed into the room.

"They were all armed with rifles, and an entire arsenal of small arms, and I knew I was in the presence of a band of guerrillas.

"There was no help for it, however, the men had seen my horse, and doubtless knew my character.

"'Put up your shooter and surrender,' said a tall, red-headed man, who seemed the leader. 'You shan't be hurt so long as you remain quiet.'

"'But who are you?' I returned with as much resolution as I could summon up. 'It would not be policy to surrender until I know to whom I——'

"A loud laugh from the entire crowd cut off my speech.

"'That's a good one,' said the tall individual. 'T'was jist lettin' you down kinder easy 'cause you cum into my place unawares. We can kill you easy enough, if you insist upon it.'

"I did not. Resistance would be the last thing I should attempt against such overpowering numbers.

"I handed over my weapons to the leader, and he ordered two of the gang to take me into the back-room and watch while they conferred together.

"I passed nearly an hour in the back-room, listening to the talk going forward in front. From the broken words I heard I pieced out the following:

"The supply train, due to-morrow, was to pass this afternoon, and the outlaws were plotting its destruction.

"The track was nearly a mile from the house, and the leader concluded to go at last. He entered the room where I sat, and ordered the guards to watch me closely.

"One of them pleaded so strongly to go upon the expedition that the leader submitted, and when the men left I was alone with the old woman and the single robber.

"My own fears and troubles had been swallowed up by the more important news I had received regarding the train.

"It was quite valuable, besides being much required by the troops at the time. There were several officers on board, also, and their capture or death would be a great loss.

"To shorten a long story, I had a flask of liquor in my pocket; the outlaw had a larger in his own possession, and he also had an appetite for a larger quantity than was obtainable.

"He drank up the liquor in his own flask in a very few minutes, and my own followed immediately afterward.

"As might have been expected, the cold and the liquor threw him in a drunken slumber. I now decided to leave the house at any risk.

"The old woman had remained in the front room. Slowly I drew away the ruffian's weapons. I had been left unbound, and warned by my own escape, I proceeded to secure the fellow without awakening him. I then entered the front room and prevailed with the old lady to allow me to serve her in the same way.

"Five minutes later I had mounted my horse and was riding at break-neck speed toward the railroad track.

"I heard the engine whistle shrilly as I left the stable, and knew the probabilities were against my reaching the spot in time to do any good.

"I rode with the speed of the wind over the snow-covered ground, and came into view of the track just as the train halted.

"Running the steed back, I looked at the cars; they were already in the possession of the outlaws.

"A couple of the men had gone up the track with a red flag, and had halted the train—in an ambush of their fellows.

"They jumped on board, with shouts and screams of triumph, while the bullets rattled fiercely.

"Disappointed that I had not been a few minutes earlier, I watched the rascals.

"The soldiers upon the train were soon all dead or prisoners, and then the outlaws left the cars.

"Standing together in a body, they consulted for a moment, and then the engine was uncoupled, two men leaped upon it and drove down the track.

"I watched them with bated breath. What did they intend to do? It was soon explained.

"The locomotive was stopped again a few miles away, then the lever was thrown back, and the engine rushed back upon the cars with the speed of the avalanche.

"A moment, and it collided with the foremost car, plowed its way through, and soon the valuable supply train was but a mass of smoking ruins."

The Colonel stopped and drew a long breath.

"I tell you it was a thrilling night," he said, after a moment; "but the guerrillas soon paid for the damage.

"I escaped without difficulty, and reached camp again that night. The following week witnessed the destruction of that band of bushwhackers, for the soldiers were maddened by the loss of their supplies, and rested not a moment until they revenged it."

Fish by the Square Mile.

Some faint idea of the vast and inexhaustible number of fish on our shores may, perhaps, be obtained by a consideration of the fact that yesterday no fewer than 6,000 barrels of porgies were caught off Newport. If the sea, through the Vineyard and Long Island Sound is anywhere near as rich in porgies, mossbunkers, and other varieties of the most abundant kinds of fish, what an unimaginably teeming world of life there must beneath the waves! And it is, even more than the striving, pushing world of human life, a scene of rapacity and destruction—the stronger preying upon the weaker and "the survival of the fittest." Enormous as this single day's catch of porgies seems, it is surpassed by some of the big hauls of bony-fish or mossbunkers—the "whitefish" of the evil-smelling fish oil mills on the shore. These creatures actually swarm in millions and are caught and hauled in by the cargo. Schools of voracious bluefish pursue and drive them flipping and flashing to the surface, where they are promptly pounced upon by the sailing fish-hawks and sea-gulls that wait for them out of water. In the sea and on the land the world seems to be a scene of shark and tiger, in one or another form of destructive rapacity.—*Hartford Times.*

Light Two Miles Under Water.

In the Lake of Geneva Messrs. Fol and Sarasin found sufficient light to affect very sensitive photographic plates at about five hundred and fifty feet, the light at that depth being about equal at mid-day to that at the surface on a clear moonless night. In the Mediterranean during bright sunlight the last trace of light was lost at a depth of 1,300 feet. But an examination of the eyes of certain crustaceans lately dredged from the abyssmal regions of the Atlantic convinces Prof. S. I. Smith that despite the objections of physicists, some light probably reaches even beyond 12,000 feet. He thinks that, on account of the purity of the water in mid-ocean, light might reach this depth as readily as 3,000 feet or even 1,200 feet near the shore.

A PROFESSIONAL man addressed an Irish artisan, who was waiting in his hall, rather brusquely. "Hallo, you fellow, do you want me?" The answer was neat: "No, yer honor, I am waiting for a gentleman!"

THE PURCHASE OF ALASKA.

History of the Purchase—President Lincoln Alone Should Have Credit for It.

I have lately seen it in print for the first time that Wm. H. Seward said that the one act of his life most to be proud of was the acquisition of Alaska. This, to those who are not ignorant of the facts, is a remarkable claim. As I was minister plenipotentiary from the United States at St. Petersburg, Russia, during the time of the purchase and addition of Alaska to the Union, and Seward Secretary of State—however, we might both claim to be the peers of Lincoln in ability—Lincoln was our chief, and the honor of that expansion of territory belongs to him. It is the general-in-chief who wears the laurels of victory, however gallantly his subordinates may have fought. So far, then, as Seward and myself are concerned, I lay the facts before the world for the award of honor.

Collins, having explored the route from America, through Alaska, the Aleutian Isles, and Siberia to St. Petersburg, united with Sibley, the President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, to extend their line to the Russian capital. They placed this project in my hands, and I got a very favorable charter from the Russian Government, one clause of which was the privilege of a "rebate," or gratuity, in common phrase, for all words transmitted from the Pacific to St. Petersburg on Russian lines. Another project of mine was to secure to American citizens the perpetual lease of the splendid coal mines on the island of Saghalien, on the eastern coast of Russia. A third was a grant of the Russian Fur Company's privileges—for an equivalent—to an American company, in the vast regions of Alaska. Heretofore the Russian Pacific coast was not open even to foreign consulships, but an American consulship was now allowed.

These projects of mine were all cognate. The telegraph would free us from dependence on the enemies of the Union by lines in our own possession. The coal mines of Saghalien were almost a necessity of our commerce with China, Japan, and the Corea. And our acquisitions in Alaska would offer a combined force of Americans and Russians against a war with England, which then seemed imminent. Collins and Sibley asked not only for a right of way through Alaska, but for land grants for the lines and stations, all of which were freely discussed by me and Russian officials in a private and personal way. I found the resources of Alaska to be beyond price in minerals, and fisheries, and forests, and furs, and commercial promise. I wrote to Gov. John A. Andrew, of Massachusetts, and other distinguished citizens and capitalists about these projects. A company was formed in San Francisco, and I was engaged to contract with the Russian Fur Company for a transfer of its chartered rights to the Americans.

Everything was favorable, when Seward opened up his unfortunate Perkins claim and completely disgusted the Russian autocrat and Gortchakoff with American projects. The Saghalien enterprise was cut short. The telegraph line was refused the "rebate" and dropped out, notwithstanding Collins, Sibley, and I did all we could to have the terms confirmed which had been made by the Minister of Telegraphs, Count Tolstoi.

Still, the advantages of the transfer of Alaska were so apparent that, having sounded the Russian authorities, I had formal meetings with the Russian Fur Company, and the terms were all agreed upon. When the news came that Alaska was purchased outright by the United States, Seward sent me a treaty upon "trade marks," which I signed and delivered; but he negotiated the Alaska purchase, for which he had no more reason to claim credit than for Jefferson's acquisition of Louisiana. There was no American so odious to the Russians as Seward, and I had worked up the project and cultured the tree until the fruit was ripe and fell, by the necessity of the case, into his basket.—*C. M. Clay, in New York Sun.*

Plenty of Small Fruit.

Have a small fruit patch, have it convenient to the house. Set in long rows so that nearly if not quite all the work of cultivating and keeping the soil mellow and the weeds down can be done with the horse and cultivator. Give good rich soil so that the best results can be secured. Give plenty of room to grow, and yet leave plenty of room to go between the rows at any time to gather the fruit. Select standard varieties, those that you know either by your own experience, or by that of others will do well in your section.

Plow the soil thoroughly, and put in as good a condition as possible before planting. Be careful to keep the roots of the plants moist; this is important. It will nearly always pay to have a pail of water convenient, and dip the roots of the plants into it before setting in the ground. Take pains to see that the soil is filled in carefully about the roots after filling up. I find it a good plan to press the soil firmly down upon the roots.

Select such varieties as will furnish you a succession of fruit all summer and fall. This can readily be done by having early and late, or still better, early, medium and late varieties of all kinds, commencing with strawberries, gooseberries, currants, raspberries, blackberries, and grapes. If you will plant one row, each one hundred feet long of two or three varieties of each of them, and give proper attention and cultivation, this will furnish you with an abundant supply for your family, and will keep up a supply from the earliest until late in the fall. During the first year, I find it a good plan to apply a mulch around the stems, not later than the last of May.

Sufficient cultivation should be given to receive a good growth. Keep the weeds down and the soil mellow. Get a few of the newer sorts in order to test their value. Give the same soil and cultivation that you give the others, so that a fair comparison can be made. I consider no part of the farm more profitable than the small fruit patch, and a good supply can be secured with no more trouble than a crop of corn or potatoes. They come into bearing in a short time after setting out, and if properly pruned in the winter, and pinched back during the summer, a patch will last several years without resetting. By following this plan there is no reason why every farmer should not be supplied with an abundance of small fruit of all kinds during the summer and fall, if he is willing to take a little pains to secure a start.—*The Racine Agriculturist.*

"Shammy" Skin.

There is very little, if any, real chamois skin sold in this country, though there are no imitations made here on account of the cheapness of the French and English goods. It is said that there have not been a dozen of chamois pelts imported here for at least a decade, for the simple reason that the chamois have become so scarce that a successful chamois hunt is of rare occurrence. The animal, which inhabited the Alpine regions of Central Europe, frequents the wildest and most inaccessible peaks and ravines of its mountain home. The sport of the chamois hunt was at one time a very popular one, and expeditions to the animal's browsing places were in the past frequently organized, and the few animals that existed between the snow line and the glacier line of the Alps were so thinned out by these hunting parties that they are now very rare. In the entire year the total number of chamois killed by the hunters was nine hundred and eighteen, and if the trade depended upon the chamois for the commercial "shammy" skin there would not have been enough skins thrown on the market in that year to give each importing house in this country a half skin. Time was when the chamois skin of the trade was genuine, but the scarcity of the animal and the rapidly growing demand for the article necessitated a substitute, and this was found in the skin of the common sheep, which now masquerades under the appearance and name of the original article. All the chamois skins that are brought to this country come from France or from England. Up to within a few years ago the entire trade in this country was furnished from England, the skins coming from the backs of sheep that were raised and grazed on English pasture lands. There is little difference in the value of the French and English chamois, both answering the purpose for which they are purchased equally well. The only real difference—and it is a difference in which the French lose their claim for the superiority of their goods over the English goods—is that, on account of the peculiar property of a certain fish oil with which they prepare their skins, the French chamois, instead of drying hard and stiff-like parchment, dries as soft as before it is put in water. The English chamois is prepared in oil and lime, and is bleached to any desired shade. The best quality of goods comes from the backs of the young animals. After the wool has been removed the skins are shaved down to the required thickness, which is regulated by the purposes for which the skin is to be used. After it has been tanned it is put into a preparation of oil and lime, softened, and then bleached to the desired shade. It is then dried and sorted, according to the sizes of the skins, and tied up in bundles called by the trade "kips," and is ready to be thrown on the market and sold as genuine chamois skin.—*Boston Cultivator.*

How Racing Destroyed the Collins Line.

Anxious to reap the golden fruits derived from the carrying of the mails, and to also show to the world that the United States was as well able to build and organize a fleet of swift steamers as Great Britain, Mr. E. K. Collins launched his company, the end of which was such a tragic one. He was to receive a subsidy of $19,200 per voyage to home-built steamers carrying the mails of the United States to and from Europe, and he began nobly by constructing four magnificent steamers—the Arctic, the Baltic, the Atlantic, and the Pacific. These vessels were built of live oak, planked with pitch pine, the hull being extremely solid, and divided into compartments so that, in the opinion of their builders, they were all but proof against being sunk by a collision or by touching the ground. These steamers began to carry the mails and passengers in 1850, and very soon Congress raised Mr. Collins' subsidy to $33,000 per voyage, and fixing the minimum at $858,000 per annum. The Collins steamers, superbly furnished, performed such runs across the Atlantic as had never before been made; and on one of them the Arctic, after doing the voyage from west to east in a little over nine days, was proudly christened by our hurrahing countrymen "the clipper of the seas." Alas! the sad end came only too soon. The captains took to racing, and there was no personal management to stop them. On the 21st of September, 1854, "the clipper of the seas" left Liverpool for New York with 233 passengers and a crew of 135, nearly all of them Americans. When within sixty miles of Cape Race the Arctic collided with the French steamer Vesta; but deeming his ship not much injured, the American captain made for the Cape, and before he had got far the water rushed in, and almost immediately the splendid steamer was engulfed in the waves. Only fourteen passengers were saved, and among those who perished were the wife, son, and daughter of poor Mr. Collins. Sixteen months later came the still more appalling disaster to the Pacific. She quitted Liverpool on the 23d of January, 1856, with forty-five passengers, a crew of 141 persons, the mails and a cargo insured for over $2,000,000. The Pacific was timed to reach New York the 2d of February, but she never reached that port, nor any port on earth. The loss sealed the doom of the Collins Line.—*Boston Herald.*

He Went by the Rules.

"I wish you wouldn't grin at me in that idiotic way, Mr. Lightwaist; you make me nervous."

"Can't help it—my 'Hand-book on High-toned Etiquette' says you must wear a pleasant smile during the pauses in conversation, and I'm wearing one, that's all."—*Puck.*

THE curious observation has been made that the cinchona trees growing in the hot-houses of Europe develop no quinine in their bark.

LOVE AND MATRIMONY.

Col. Pat Donan Indignantly Denies that He Is Going to Join the Ranks of the Benedicts.

Editor New Orleans Times.

In your usually reliable (beware that the printer does not henceforth put an "e" after the "i" in that word) paper of recent date, I find this paragraphic startler, condensing a whole earthquake into ten lines:

"Col. P. Donan, of Dakota, will pass through here in a short time to Mexico. It is reported that he is to be married before long to a young Mexican girl, the daughter o the Governor of one of the Mexican states, and the owner of one of the richest and most famous of the old Spanish silver mines—a young girl, beautiful, accomplished, and rich as a queen, the only daughter and the only child of one of the richest men in Mexico—speaking three languages fluently, with a voice like a nightingale, and singing divinely."

So I am to be married, am I? You are going to marry me off, are you? How kind of you to do for me what I never could do for myself. I had begun to think perhaps it was time. From my reserved seat on top of a barbed wire-fence, I have been watching the procession a good while. Day after day, and week after week, until the weeks have lengthened into months, and the months into years, I have looked on at humanity's strange wedding march. It is the old, old story. Leaf by leaf the roses fall. Yelp by yelp young cherubs bawl. One by one the ghosts cross the river, two by two are paddled o'er, and the white-robed angel boatmen bear them to the blissful shore. The trap springs and another victim is caught. The ministerial lariat is thrown, and another hapless bumpkin is writhing and dancing in the airy nothingness of honeymoonatic—and the honeymoon is made of the greenest of green cheese. One by one I have seen my boonest companions pass, ever passing away to that dread bourne from whence no voyager returns, save through a divorce suit, or the expense of a first-class funeral. At present rates, the jeremiad of the last dog-fennel blossoms of summer will soon be mine: "All my blooming associates are faded and gone" to h—appiness of the connubialistic type. A few years since a noble band of handsome and high-aspiring friends stood around me—fresh, bright, verdant young plants.

The matrimonial simoon has swept over the plain, and where are they now? Smitten, blasted, cut down like the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is—made into hay to feed a donkey or line goose nests. Faded, withered, dry enough for pea-sticks. Alas! alas! what has got into the youth of the land? Caught by a giggle, see how they wriggle. In vain have I expostulated and warned them. In vain do I stand like a he-Niobe, and, with outstretched arms, implore them to halt and consider their latter end. The tinkle of a piano or guitar, or the rippling tee-hee of maidenly merriment, comes floating on the perfumed air, and the admonitory roar of a friendly Niagara would be unheard. Heedlessly, needlessly, scorning instruction, onward they are rushing, surging and pushing down to destruction, or to matrimony, which too often amounts to about the same. The young, the brave, the gay, the grave, the ugly, the pretty, the silly, the witty, the brilliant, the stupid, all kneel to Cupid, all seem resistlessly bound to travel the broad, gudgeon-beaten path that leads to beatific moonshine, white kids and neckties, orange blossoms, altars and mumbling parsons, to vine-clad cottages up four pairs of stairs, grocers bills, wash days, sodden biscuits, slop coffee, seedy hats, patched elbows, faded calicoes, drudgery, squalls, and variegated unpleasantness. Poor wretches! Infatuated double-uppers! Heaven help them! Everybody says I ought to have been one of them, ought to have joined the missing-half-hunters, ought to have been a Benedict, or a Maledict, long ago. And I suppose I ought—but I have not. You have brought me nearer to it than I ever was before.

Married! To be married! And without any of the tangled and troublous preliminaries. What infinite and diversified tribulations you have spared me by transporting me in fairy-prince-or-princess fashion to the alleged elysium of marriage, without any weary wandering in the labyrinthine mazes of courtship, or any perilous egg-shell navigation of the proverbially dammed current of true love which, from the lace-cap and ruffled what-is-it period of creation's history until now, never did run smooth. The wide world over, its shallow, bubbling channel has been strewn with rocks and quicksands, cataracts, whirlpools, eddies, and sandbars. In every land and clime since Jehovah took that crooked bone from our great-great-grandpa's chloroformed side, by which his first sleep became his last repose, the story has been the same. Obstacles, trials, anxieties, maddening jealousies, doubts, and misunderstandings beset the lovelorn, courting ninny's way. A stern old daddy's number fourteen stoga boot, with big brass-headed nails in the toe, a vixenish prospective mother-in-law, a miscarried note or package of taffy, a crushed bouquet, a look, a wink, a word, anything, everything suffices, has for sixty centuries sufficed, to wring lovers' and wooers' souls with red-hot dentists' tweezers of agony. It is the doom of the whole spoony race.

THE Judge, the Sheriff, the Coroner and the Chief of Police of Red Gulch were engaged in playing poker. The pot was pretty large, and considerable excitement was manifested in the outcome. The Judge "called" the Sheriff, who casually remarked: "I hold four aces. What do you hold?" "I hold a bowie-knife," promptly returned the Judge, as he perceived a fifth ace in his own hand. "And I hold a six-shooter!" exclaimed the Chief of Police, as he realized that he was not destitute of aces himself. After an interval of about five minutes, the Coroner crawled out from under the table, saying: "I hold an inquest, and I guess that takes the pot."—*Chicago Rambler.*

A LOVING friend's rebuke sinks into the heart and convinces the judgment; an enemy's or a stranger's rebuke is invective, and irritates, not converts.

HUMOR.

THE color of a sick dog—a purp ill.

A POLICEMAN'S lot is often an acher.

WIFE—"What's the news, Henry?" Husband—"War is going on in Greece." Wife—"Oh, lard!"—*Newman Independent.*

SMITH—Ha, Jones! Suppose we go a-fishing? Jones—Can't do it, my boy." Smith—Why not? Jones—I swore off liquor the first of the year.—*Boston Courier.*

IT is said that shingles may be made fire-proof, but you cannot convince the small boy who has had experience that a shingle is not frequently red-hot.—*Lowell Citizen.*

WHEN a coil of lead pipe in front of a hardware store begins to wiggle and stick out its forked tongue a Dakota man knows it is time to swear off.—*Estelline Bell.*

"DO YOU not see on every side evidences of the new art of making home attractive?" asks an exchange. We regret to say that we do not. We board.—*New York Graphic.*

THE man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is a benefactor to his species, and the woman who will get along with only one bonnet where two were needed before is an ornament to her sex.—*Fall River Advance.*

"HOW ARE you getting along with that red-headed wife of yours?" asked Gilhooly of an intimate friend. "My wife gives me a heap of trouble. After we have a row and just get through having a monkey and parrot time of it, she doesn't give me any peace or quiet, until we have started a fresh fuss."—*Texas Siftings.*

IT is said that Queen Victoria requested the Prince of Wales to edit the life of John Brown, but that the Prince positively refused. The Queen was much grieved, and, in conversation with a prominent gentleman, said: "Yes, Hi ham 'urt. Hi thought 'e would do 'imself the honor of hediting such a work, but Hi was mistaken. Halas! the 'ead is not cold until the noble body is forgotten. Hi would get somebody helse to hedit it, but Hi don't want to pay out hany money. Halas!"—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

THE old gentleman was intently studying a letter he had just received from his lawyer, hanging fire on the words suum cuique, which the legal wight had carelessly shelled out. Seeing his son enter, he exclaimed: "See here, Billy, you're a Latin scholar, what do these words mean?" pointing to the aforesaid suum cuique. "Mean?" replied Billy; "Why, I should think you could flush that sentence, even if it isn't spelled according to Hoyle. Sue 'em quick, is what the counselor meant to say, but he's a little erratic in his orthography."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

A MAN in last year's clothes was seated at a table in the reporters' room writing. It was costing him great effort, apparently, for his tongue was sticking out about four inches and he shoved the pen along as if it were a plow. "Who is that?" whispered the city editor to one of the boys, who had been coaching the visitor. "Anarchist," replied the reporter, with a warning shake of the head. "The devil! How do you know?" gasped the city editor. "Saw his writing. Spells God with a little g," and the reporter slipped out.—*Washington Critic.*

THE LADIES' MAN.

He's handsome, polite,
Unapproachable quite
In elegance, gracefulness, style;
In a word, debonair,
And admired by the fair,
Whose hearts 'tis his aim to beguile.

He's attentive to Jane,
And he flirts with Elaine,
And he murmurs soft nothings to Fan;
While his mustache he twirls,
But beware of him, girls,
For he isn't a marrying man.

He can sing in duet
With Janet or Rosette,
And the upright piano can play;
And delightfully spoon
Through a whole afternoon,
With Bella while playing croquet.

He's expert in all games
Played by maidens and dames,
And waltz through the german he can;
Most gracefully whirls,
But beware of him, girls,
For he isn't a marrying man.

—*Boston Courier.*

How They Get Confused in Washington

Col. Smith was the guest of Congressman Belford, in Washington, and was returning to his hotel late one night when he lost his way. While browsing about in an aimless, inane sort of a manner, he encountered a policeman.

"'Scuse me, my frien'," said Col. Smith, "but can you tell me which izee opposite side o' ze street?"

"Why," explained the policeman, "it's over there—the other side."

"Zat's what I thought," said Col. Smith, "but while I was walking over there a few minutes 'go, I asked a man an' he told me zis wazzee opp'site side!"—*Eli Perkins.*

A Volcanic Region in the Atlantic.

Recent observations indicate the existence of a submarine volcanic crater between the Canary Islands and the coast of Portugal. From a cable-laying steamer, in latitude 39 degrees 25 minutes north, longitude 9 degrees 54 minutes west, the water was found to measure 1,300 fathoms under the bow and 800 fathoms under the stern, showing the ship to be over the edge of a deep depression in the ocean bottom. An English geologist, Mr. T. Mellard Reade, remarks that great irregularities are found in the bed of the sea off Lisbon, due, probably, to a submarine chain of mountains.

Why He Couldn't See It.

"I think the streets are in a fearful condition."

"Do you mean dirty?"

"Certainly. Any man can see that."

"I don't know about that. There is a man in our neighborhood who can't see it."

"You mean that he is blind?"

"No; he is the street-cleaning contractor."—*Philadelphia Call.*

LITTLE is known of the effect of solar eclipses on our atmosphere. To add to our knowledge, Norwegian seamen happening to be in favorable localities have been requested to make barometric and thermometric observations during the total eclipse of August 29 next.